

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vices of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Wearies yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dappled foolles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that braules along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In piteous chafe: and thus the hallic foole,
Much marked of the melancholic *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too must: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his vniuersal friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Flux of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuoluntarily he pierceth through
The body of Countrey, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Du. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?
2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du. Sen. Show me the place;
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. Lord. Ile bring you to him strait.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistis.

2. Lo. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this fodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quail;
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie

Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:

Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenuoms him that beares it?

Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemy of all your graces liues

Your brother, no, no brother, yet the founte
(Yet not the son; I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,

Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce

A cheecish liuing on the common roade?
This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes,

The chrisitie hire I sau'd vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,

When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnguarded age in corners throwne,

Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,

Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,

Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply

Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,

The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,

Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man

In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant seruice of the antique world,

When seruice sweare for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hating that do choake their seruice vp,

Euen with the hauiing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,

But come thy waies, wee'll goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,

Wee'll light vpon some fetled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee

To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore

Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke

But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better

Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowns, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
wearie.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

the weaker vessel, as
selfe coragious to pe

Aliena.

Cel. I pray you b

ther.

Clo. For my part,

beare you: yet I sho

you, for I thinke you

Ros. Well, this is

Clo. I, now am I

was at home I was in

be content.

Enter

Ros. I, be so good

here, a yong man and

Cor. That is the v

Sil. Oh *Corin*, tha

Cor. I partly gues

Sil. No *Corin*, be

Though in thy youth

As euer sigh'd vpon a

But if thy loue were

As sure I thinke did

How many actions m

Hast thou beene drav

Cor. Into a thou

Sil. Oh thou did

If thou remembrest

That euer loue did m

Thou hast not lou'd

Or if thou hast not

Wearing thy hearer

Thou hast not lou'd

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*

Ros. Alas poore S

I haue by hard aduen

Clo. And I mine;

broke my sword vpo

comming a night to

sing of her batler, and

chopt hands had mill

of a peascod instead

cods, and giuing her

teares, weare these se

uers, runne into stran

nature, so is all natu

Ros. Thou speak'st

Ch. Nay, I shall

I breake my shins ag

Ros. Ioue, Ioue, thi

Is much vpon my fa

Clo. And mine, I

me.

Cel. I pray you, o

If he for gold will gi

I faint almost to dea

Clo. Holla; you

Ros. Peace foole,

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters

Cor. Else are they